Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,
God save the marke, here on his manly breſt,
A piteous coarſe, a bloody piteous coarſe,
Pale, pale as aſhes, all bedeaw'd in blood,
All in gore blood: I ſwouned at the ſight.
Jul. O breake my heart, poore bankrupt breake at once,
To priſon eyes, ne're looke on liberty,
Vile earth to earth reſigne, end motion here,
And thou and *Romeo* preſſe one heavie beere.
Nurſe. O *Tibalt*, *Tibalt*, the beſt friend I had,
O courteous *Tibalt*, honeſt Gentleman,
That ever I ſhould live to ſee thee dead.
Jul. What ſtorme is this that blowes ſo contrary?
Is *Romeo* ſlaughtred? and is *Tibalt* dead?
My deareſt couſin, and my dearer Lord:
Then dreadfull trumpet ſound the generall doome,
For who is living if thoſe two are gone?
Nurſe. *Tibalt* is gone, and *Romeo* baniſhed,
Romeo that kild him, he is baniſhed.
Jul. O God did *Romeo's* hand ſhed *Tibalts* blood?
Nurſe. It did, it did, alas the day it did.
Jul. O ſerpent heart hid with a flowring face!
Did ever dragon keepe ſo faire a cave?
Beautifull tyrant, fiend angelicall,
Ravenous dove, feathred raven, wolviſh-ravening lamb,
Deſpiſed ſubſtance of divineſt ſhew,
Juſt oppoſite to what thou juſtly ſeemeſt,
A damned Saint, an honourable villaine.
O nature, what hadſt thou to doe in hell,
When thou didſt poure the ſpirit of a fiend
In mortall paradiſe of ſuch ſweet fleſh?
Was ever booke containing ſo vile matter
So fairely bound? O that deceit ſhould dwell
In ſuch a gorgeous palace!
Nur. There's no truſt, no faith, no honeſty in men,
All perjur'd, all forſworne, all naught, all diſſemblers:
Ah, where's my man? give me ſome *Aqua vitæ.*

Theſe griefes, theſe woes, theſe ſorrowes make me old,
Shame come to *Romeo.*
Jul. Bliſtered be thy tongue
For ſuch a wiſh: he was not borne to ſhame,
Upon his brow ſhame is aſham'd to ſit:
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole Monarch of the univerſall earth.
O what a beaſt was I to chide at him?
Nur. Will you ſpeake well of him that kill'd your couſin?
Jul. Shall I ſpeake ill of him that is my husband?
Ah poore my Lord! what tongue ſhall ſmooth thy name,
When I thy three houres wife have mangled it?
But wherefore villaine didſt thou kill my couſin?
That villaine couſin would have kill'd my husband.
Backe fooliſh teares, backe to your native ſpring,
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you miſtaking offer up to joy.
My husband lives that *Tibalt* would have ſlaine,
And *Tibalt's* dead that would have ſlaine my husband:
All this is comfort: wherefore weepe I then?
Some words there were worſer than *Tibalts* death
That murdred me: I would forget it faine,
But oh, it preſſes to my memory,
Like damned guilty deeds to ſinners mindes;
Tibalt is dead, and *Romeo* baniſhed.
That baniſhed, that one word baniſhed,
Hath ſlaine ten thouſand *Tibalts*: *Tibalts* death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there.
Or if ſowre woe delights in fellowſhip,
And needly will be rankt with other griefes,
Why follow'd not, when ſhe ſaid *Tibalt's* dead,
Thy father, or thy mother, nay or both,
Which moderne lamentation might have mov'd:
But with a rereward following *Tibalts* death,
Romeo is baniſhed: to ſpeake that word,
Is father, mother, *Tibalt*, *Romeo*, *Juliet*,
All ſlaine, all dead, *Romeo* is baniſhed.